

PLYMOUTH WEEKLY BANNER.

A Family Newspaper—Devoted to Education, Agriculture, Commerce, Markets, General Intelligence, Foreign and Domestic News.

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THE BANNER

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BY WM. J. BURNS.

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M. H. PECHER & CO., Dealers in Family Groceries & Provisions, Confectionaries &c., South Plymouth.

In the Market.

WHEAT At the highest market prices, taken on subscription to the Banner, delivered at the office. July, 1855.
Banks of all kinds, neatly printed, for sale at the Banner Office.

EUPHROSINE.

AN OLD TALE OF THE NEW WORLD.

[CONCLUDED.]

A crowd had by this time gathered on the balcony, all eager to watch the consummation of the drama; and there were many who saw in them a shadowy forth of hosts engaged in battle—portentous of impending war to the loyal garrison of Quebec. But no such superstitious fears paralyzed the courage of its brave defenders; and staunch among them, and of firmest resolve to maintain the rocky stronghold against all odds, was the governor himself, the Comte de Frontenac, a gallant old noble, bred in the warlike school of Louis XIV., and a true believer in the great Henry of Navarre.

M. de Frontenac possessed the entire confidence of his sovereign, and it was this endeavor to deserve it, by his wise administration and judicious policy—seeking earnestly to advance the interest of the Canadian colony, and render it a more valuable appanage to the crown of France. But though just, generous and brave, the Comte's imperious temper often balked his good purpose; toward those, especially, who in any way thwarted his views, he displayed his strong feelings, becoming frequently so irascible, that his most familiar friends dreaded to approach him.

In these dark and stormy moods, Madame de Levesseur was the only one who could exercise the evil spirit that possessed her. She was never moved even by his wildest tempests of passion; and, if manifested in her presence, they seldom failed to subside into calmness when she tried her feminine magic. He delighted to have her near him. She seemed, he said, "to surround him with an atmosphere of joy and peace," and the dutiful and tender affection she rendered him in return for his fond indulgence, might have been that of a loving daughter. Louis Saint Ours shared with Euphrosine the favors of the stately Comte—for, like most persons who are fond of power, he loved to have his favorites, though they were not so well chosen as in the present instance. The young man being attached to the personal suite of the governor, occupied apartments in the castle, and was thus thrown into intimate association with Euphrosine in the daily and hourly courtesies of domestic life—a dangerous position for the enamored Louis, especially as M. de Frontenac seemed in nowise displeased at the intimacy which was rapidly knitting the young people more closely together.

It was late that night before the gay assembly broke up. The dancing was continued languidly toward the close of the evening, and when it ceased, though the sound of music was heard at intervals, few heeded it. Some sat discoursing over their wine; others were gathered in knots here and there in the lighted rooms, or on the airy balcony; but every mind seemed engrossed by the one exciting topic of the hour. Indeed, the whole city was astir; lights glared in all directions; a ceaseless hum of voices and the tramp of marching feet rose on the air; and the blinding watch-fires on the heights brightened with their ruddy flames the rocks and cliffs over which brooded the shadow of night.

It was past midnight when Saint Ours said adieu to Euphrosine, and left the castle on a private mission to the intendancy; and the yellow dawn was just tingling the horizon, when again he found himself alone in his chamber. Wearied, yet too much excited to feel the want of sleep, he opened a small cabinet which stood in his apartment, and drew forth his writing materials, desirous of improving the short time that remained before the sound of the morning reveille, in inditing a letter to Madame de Levesseur—perhaps the last.

Full of manly tenderness was this letter, and as full of sad and bitter regret at the fate that forbade him to consecrate to her his life. All was told—all mystery cleared away from his words and conduct; his whole soul was laid open to her gaze, with its anguish, its deep remorse for the wrong he had done in seeking, even indirectly, to awake her tenderness.

The letter was sealed and addressed; and the half hour that remained before being summoned to active duty, he employed looking over the contents of the cabinet, which contained his private papers, and other articles of value. Letter after letter was given to the flames; but several brief notes, bearing the signature of "Euphrosine," and containing, it might be, some half-dozen lines of acknowledgment for a book, or other trifling favor, were gazed upon till the delicate characters became dim, and then restored to the cabinet.

Unconscious a private drawer, which he had almost forgotten, Louis started at the sight of a miniature that had lain there undisturbed for years, though the rich gold of its setting was undimmed by time, and the gems that incrustated it remained as lustrous as ever. It was the picture of his child-wife, upon which he had never looked since the day of his fatal marriage, when it was given to him by her father. With an involuntarily shudder of aversion he closed up the drawer; but immediately a sudden impulse impelled him to re-open it, and scan the likenesses of the face, which had almost faded from his remembrance. As he did so, a pair of soft dark eyes looked full upon him—eyes that startled him, he knew not why, and which he might have thought beautiful, had there been in them any deeper expression than the mere bashful innocence of childhood.

He forgot that with the lapse of years the child had ripened to maturity, and that those eyes so exquisite in form and

color, might now be radiant with the sweet and tender emotions of woman; that the thin unformed features might now be rounded into beauty, and beam with intelligence and love. But, no; Louis neither could nor would picture such a development to himself. He looked upon the young face as that of his evil genius; and as, in contrast to it, beamed before his mental vision the soul-lit eyes and sunny smile of Euphrosine, he cast the miniature from him in disgust. As it fell upon the floor, the spring opened, and revealed a ringlet of fair hair, fastened within the case. But what to him was this child's curl? He saw only the dark braids which lent such classic grace to the matchless head of Euphrosine; and taking up the miniature, he threw it back into the drawer, and locking the cabinet, he passed through a glass door to the terrace, to inhale the morning air.

The dawn was slowly advancing, painting the east with hues that enshrouded the landscape. As the sun ascended, the veil lifted and flickered, hanging like a soft cloud over the Saint Lawrence, and wrapping in aerial robes the snow-capped mountains of Saint Charles. Saint Ours stood silently watching the tissue of vapor, curling and wreathing itself into a sort of the red-cross flag of England, floating from the mast-head of the admiral's vessel.

The morning passed away; noon arrived and still no sign of intended progress or action on the part of the English was manifested. The hostile flag streamed out on the quickening breeze, and the guns bristling in formidable array through the port-holes of the vessels, alone gave evidence of the intent of the couchant lions who waited to spring upon their prey. But just as the bell in the Tower of Notre Dame proclaimed the hour of twelve, a boat, conveying an officer, with a flag of truce, shot from the side of the admiral's ship, and soon touched the pier at Saint Roch's.

Springing on shore, the young officer, with a courteous salutation to the commander of the detachment waiting to receive him, requested to be conducted to the Comte de Frontenac; to whom he was the bearer of dispatches from Sir William Phipps. The consent of the governor being signified, he was blindfolded, and led up the steep and rocky streets of the lower town, past frowning batteries, and through formidable rows of *chevaux de frise*, to the lofty platform on which stood the castle of Saint Louis.

Admitted within its gates, he was conducted to the council chamber, where M. de Frontenac, surrounded by high dignitaries of the church, and officers, both civil and military, sat in state. An imposing audience, thought the young man, when his eyes were unbanded, and he stood, the bearer of a haughty message, before that silent and dignified assembly. The stern, proud countenance of the imperious governor, one would have thought, was in itself enough to daunt the courage of any ordinary man under such circumstances; but the English herald, with a bearing as haughty as that of the aristocratic noble he confronted, advanced toward him, and with a stately obedience awaited his permission to unfold his errand. Slightly returning the stranger's greeting, the governor said, in a brief and peremptory manner:

"Read on, sir, and you shall have our answer."

The Englishman coolly drew forth his document and read, in a voice as unmoved as though the words he uttered were of the most agreeable import, the bold summons of his admiral, demanding, in the name of his sovereign lord, William, king of England, the immediate surrender of the fortress and city of Quebec; to which demand, added the imperturbable messenger, your answer, Comte de Frontenac, is required in an hour hence, upon the peril that will ensue. And laying his watch upon the table, he coolly said: "It is now one o'clock, and I shall await your excellency's answer till the time specified has expired."

By a simultaneous impulse, the whole assembly rose from their seats, surprised out of their dignity by the insolence of the message and the audacity of its bearer. Eyes and astonishment were depicted on the countenance of M. de Frontenac. For a minute, excessive anger prevented his utterance; but when at last his white lips parted to speak, a torrent of scorn and defiance flowed from them. Shaking his clenched hand with a menacing gesture,

"I do not recognize the supremacy of William of England," he said, "I know him only as the Prince of Orange—a usurper, who to gratify his selfish ambition, has outraged the most sacred rights of blood and of religion, striving to persuade the nation that he is its savior, and the defender of its faith, even while he has violated its laws, and overturned the church of England. Those offences the Divine justice will not long delay to punish as they merit."

Perfectly unmoved by this hurricane of wrath, stood the messenger of Sir William Phipps, except that a haughty light gleamed in his clear blue eye, and a scarcely perceptible curl of his lip showed his contempt for the accusation alleged his sovereign. He only asked:

"This, then, is your excellency's only reply?"

M. de Frontenac deigned no word in return to the question, but, with an air of frigid determination, slightly bent his head in token of assent.

"May it please your excellency, then," resumed the officer, still in the same imperturbable and authoritative tone, "to cause that this, your answer to our summons, should be rendered in writing, for the satisfaction of my commander, to whom I would not willingly bear a false interpretation of your message."

"I will answer your master, sir, by the mouth of my cannon!" thundered the exasperated governor, whose scarcely smothered wrath leaped into a flame at the audacious coolness of the herald. "Thus, and thus only, will I hold parley with him, and that ere long; for it is time to teach him that the Comte de Frontenac, the viceroy of the greatest monarch in the world, is not to be dealt with in this manner, even by his peers."

With a haughty wave of his hand, the angry old noble rose and left the council chamber, attended by his suite. It was the signal for the herald's departure; and, again, with banded eyes, he was conducted through the fortified city to the boat which had borne him off his fruitless mission thither.

The hostilities which almost immediately ensued on the conclusion of this brief conference, are matters of history, and upon them, even did the limits of our tale permit, we have no desire to dwell. Four hours the dreadful cannonade continued, but directed, as was the fire of the English colonists, against the heights of the upper town, their balls fell harmless; while the numerous guns of the rocky fortress replied with a power that told fatally upon the enemy's flotilla, and stifled the beating of many a gallant heart that fought upon its decks. All day the fearful strife went on—weeping eyes watched its progress—on aching hearts its sounds fell like the knell of their life's happiness; and in darkened chambers some lay unable to move, with tearless eyes, and ears muffled, to shut out the incessant booming of the cannon. But the weary day declined at last; twilight, brief and bright, came on; and then the welcome night, shrouding all things in darkness, and stilling for a time the desperate fight.

Saint Ours hailed the approach of night with joy. All day he had been nerve wracked; peril was rife, and he had escaped unscathed; even a brief respite was grateful to him. Another evening might not find him breathing, loving on that earth, made radiant by the presence of Euphrosine; for there lay the black hulks of the hostile vessels, waiting for dawn to renew the strife; and among the victims marked for death, might not himself be numbered?

With this thought sprang up an intense desire to see Euphrosine, only for a few moments, to learn how she had borne the trials of the day, and to draw comfort and courage from her smile. But he had been left for the night in command of one of the batteries of the lower town; and to forsake his post, even for an instant, was impossible. So, sadly resigning himself to the hard necessity, he stood dreamily gazing at the turrets of the castle, as they stood against the evening sky, and picturing to himself the beloved image which had never left him even in the perils of the fight. He was interrupted by a message from M. de Frontenac, who required his immediate attendance at the castle. He needed no second bidding to make him obey the summons, trusting that, when he had received the Comte's commands, he should be able to steal a short interview with Euphrosine before quitting the castle.

He was detained but a few minutes by the governor, who desired to charge him with a secret mission to the commander of a distant redoubt; and as Louis passed from his presence, he made a slight detour, in order to traverse the corridor in which the private apartments of Madame de Levesseur were situated. His heart beat high with the hope of meeting her; but the place was vacant; though, seeing the door of her boudoir stand partly open, he paused opposite to it irresolute, yet fearing to enter unbidden. No light gleamed from within, and he ventured softly to breathe her name; but there was no answer; not a sound broke the deep silence; only a faint odor of the flowers she most loved stole balmy, like her own sweet presence, upon his senses.

A glass door at the end of the corridor stood open, and with a trembling, undaunted hope he passed through it to the balcony, and there he found the object of his search. With the traces of emotion still lingering on her face, she lay upon a cushioned seat, the folds of her white garments falling gracefully around her, and her attitude one of profound repose. The moonbeams trembling through a pale grey cloud, quivered on her face, their deep soft light seeming to surround her head with a halo, and thus lending a celestial character to her beauty.

Saint Ours stole toward her shrinking at the sound of his own step, yet drawing nearer till her low measured breathing fell softly upon his ear. It seemed as if she had wept herself to sleep, for tears were yet glistening on her cheek, round which her hair fell in disorder, descending in rich folds to the floor. One hand pillowed her head, the other lay passively across her breast, and in its clasp glittered the jewelled setting of a miniature. Louis felt a pang of bitter jealousy shoot through his heart; he knew the picture could be no other than that of him whom she had wedded and lost in early youth, and he could not bear to have her steal one thought from him, to lavish even on the dead. Suddenly her sleep became disturbed; she moved, and murmured softly, and his ear caught the whispered words, and the blood bounded wildly through his veins. Could it be? Yes, again she spoke; and his own name was on her lips—his father's name; that which he had

borne since he became known to her was his mother's.

He bent again to listen—a smile was on her lips. She seemed visited with happy dreams; and stooping low to catch her inarticulate murmurs, he again heard "Louis de Mornay," coupled with another name which had been familiar to his childhood. He was amazed—how could she have come to the knowledge of this name? He wished she would awake, but she seemed sinking into a deeper slumber, and he felt that he must depart without the interchange of a word. Still he remained, as if spell-bound, bending over her till her breath fanned his cheek, when, yielding to a resistless impulse, he slightly pressed his lips upon her brow.

Light as was the touch of that impassioned kiss, it awoke her, and she sprang to her feet. In her terror, she failed to recognize him; she saw only a tall figure standing beside her; and with a bound, she rushed from him toward the door, which opened from the corridor. Her dress was caught by some slight obstacle as she was passing through; and in her eager haste to disengage it, she cast a furtive glance at the intruder, when she was struck with a certain something in his air, and in the outline of his figure, which arrested her flight.

"Euphrosine!" whispered the well known voice. Glowing with joy, she turned toward him. He advanced.

"You are safe, thank God!" she said; but the sound of a closing door, and then of voices approaching, alarmed her; and darting her hand from his clasp, she dashed swiftly away. Louis stood for a minute like one entranced; but he had no time to linger; and comforted by having seen her, he strove to persuade himself that it was better for her happiness and for his honor, that he had been saved the expression of feelings, into which, had the interview been prolonged, he might have been betrayed. He left the castle, and departed swiftly to his mission.

The brief truce of the night was broken at early dawn by the guns of the enemy, who, undaunted by the ill-fortune of the preceding day, renewed the assault with a courage of success. But they contended against fearful odds; and though, for six continuous hours, they pressed the attack with unexampled vigor, they were at last compelled to retreat before the overwhelming power of their opponents. Many there were on the decks of the little flotilla, who would have preferred dying in the struggle; but Sir William Phipps, no less brave than human, wished to avoid a useless waste of life, and, assured that all chance of victory was at an end, he ordered the anchors to be weighed; and, crippled by the guns of the fortress, many of her gallant hearts cold and silent, others bleeding on her deck, the defeated armament floated slowly down the stream.

Fast and continuous from the highest of the citadel pouring on the retiring fleet the fire of its cannon; scarcely a ball sped through the air in vain; and when at last one of them in its flight struck the mast of the admiral's vessel, and sent it headlong, with the proud mast of England at its tip, into the St. Lawrence, what humiliation crushed the hearts of its defenders!—what insolent joy swelled the triumph of the victors!

Borne up by its silken folds, the flag floated slowly on toward the conquerors—a token of surrender, which they hailed with shouts that shook the city to its center. On it came, watched with breathless interest by that eager multitude, till suddenly, saturated by the waves, it disappeared beneath them, the end of the splintered flagstaff floating on the surface, designating the place where it had sunk. The breathless hush which succeeded its immersion, was broken by the clear commanding voice of M. de Frontenac, who exclaimed:

"Shall the trophy be lost to us, and not an arm among the hundreds here outstretched to pluck it from the waves?" "God forbid!" shouted Louis St. Ours; and with true words he cast aside his coat and sword, and leaping from the deck, dashed out into the stream. The welsh and enthusiastic cheers; and many a one who had shrunk from the peril, now envied the young man who had dared it the glory of the act.

The retreating foe were still near enough to mark the proceedings on shore; and hoping to rescue their fallen flag from the grasp of the victors, they renewed their slackened fire. But, regardless of danger, though the balls fell fast around him, St. Ours pressed on. The throng upon the shore watched his progress in profound silence; but when he safely neared the flagstaff, and grasping it, held up the flag, a burst of gratulation, long and deafening, greeted his triumph, and was again renewed, and yet again, as he swam back with the trophy to the shore. Leaping up the bank, he laid it, with a proudly throbbing heart, at the feet of M. de Frontenac.

Surrounded by his staff, the old noble stood upon the highest point of the bank, watched the scene with intense interest. A smile at its gallant issue lit up the veteran's haughty face, softening its stern expression, and revealing by its sunshine the kindness which really formed a path of his character, though too often obscured by the arbitrary manner which his love of rule fostered. Being courteously toward St. Ours:

"Well and bravely done, young sir!" said he—"Well and bravely! the crowning act of a heroic day! On the spot which has witnessed your valor, it is fitting that, in my sovereign's name, I decree you the guardian it deserves. Kneel down, Louis St. Ours! and drawing his sword from his scabbard, he held the glittering blade, flashing in the sunlight,

over the young man's head for a moment, then laying it upon his shoulder—"Rise, Baron de Mornay!" he exclaimed; "and be thou fortunate in love as thou hast been this day shown thyself valiant in arms, and loyal to the service of thy king."

At these words the new made baron rose, flushed and excited, pleased by the approbation of his commander, and the flattering distinction accorded him; but above all, mystified and astonished at being accosted by the paternal name he had so long disused as the symbol of his legal bondage. Twice within the last few hours he had heard it repeated by those to whom he had never been known as other than Louis St. Ours; and now he was re-baptized with his family name, dignified with a lordly title.

"He casts us quite in the shade," said D'Esperon to a young officer beside him; "and after this fine exploit, the women will so defy him!" Young D'Aubigny, the person addressed, shrunk from the gay remark; he felt too deeply the power of the rival with whom, in love at least, he saw how vain it was to contend; and without attempting any reply, he turned upon his heel and walked away.

The city that night presented a scene of rejoicing except where, here and there, a close dwelling told of the desolation which the brief combat had brought into it. A banquet at the castle celebrated the victory of the garrison; and conspicuous among the adornments of the grand saloon hung the English flag, dividing the attention of the guests with the youthful hero who, at the peril of his life, had snatched it from the waves. Euphrosine looked the very incarnation of happiness—a delicate rose had flushed her cheek, but paled or deepened with every varying emotion; a beaming light was in her eye, bounding joy in her step, a tender gladness in her voice, that betrayed to Louis, more eloquently than words, the depth and fervor of her love. Never before had she so plainly manifested her preference; it seemed as if she designed to convince him of it, and that so undisguisedly, that, even while his heart struggled between the joy and anguish which the certainty of her love brought with it, he was half inclined to censure its almost triumphant demonstration. More painfully than ever came home to him his hopeless bondage—his hateful obligations to another, and reproaching himself that he had so long tacitly permitted the growth of her affection, he resolved that, every evening, even while her hand held the cup of happiness to his lip, he would turn from it, and reveal to her his true position. With this purpose in his breast, the crowd, he stayed on toward a small apartment, whose glass doors opened upon the terrace, which, at that hour, he thought to find untenanted, and where he could collect himself for the interview he sought.

With down cast eyes, and arms folded across his breast, the very impersonation of melancholy musing, Louis entered the apartment; but as he slowly crossed its threshold a murmur of voices startled him, and raising his eyes he saw, seated in a high-backed Gothic chair, surmounted by his own arms, the Comte de Frontenac, while beside him stood Euphrosine, one arm thrown carelessly around his neck, and her fair face, a very April face, with its mingled smiles and tears, half hidden in his shoulder. Entranced by the unexpected sight, yet retaining a dim consciousness of intrusion, Louis mechanically turned to retreat, when the voice of the governor arrested his steps.

"Nay, do not quit us, Baron de Mornay," he cried; "there surely is an unseen Power that directs our actions, or you would not have been drawn hither at so propitious a moment. Come and tell me what shall be done to the man whom we delight to honor! I feel that I have but poorly acknowledged your chivalrous conduct by the bestowal of an empty title; and now I would signalize my sense of your brave and gallant bearing by enriching you with a gift, priceless above rubies, if—as the young believe—the heart's affection is more to be coveted than worldly wealth and honors—Euphrosine!"

She did not answer to his call, but kneeling in silence beside him, strove with her small hands to cover with her blushing face, as it rested on his knee—"The Comte turned his eyes from her with a smile, and again addressed St. Ours: "Young man, I knew your father, and loved him; and so loving him, rejoice that he has left such a son to honor his memory, and bear up his ancient name; and being such an one, I not unwillingly entrust to your keeping the happiness of my child, my Euphrosine—mine by adoption, the precious gift of a sister whom I shall never cease to mourn."

There was a breathless pause; the young man's tongue clave to the roof of his mouth—his heart seemed to cease its pulsations—he stood for a minute as if transfused to marble; then roused by an overpowering rush of agony, he rapidly traversed the apartment. It was a moment of terrible suffering; he could not bear it long; and suddenly nerving himself to the act, he paused before the chair of M. de Frontenac, and raised his eyes to read a sentence of wrath and banishment in that stern, despotic face, but instead thereof he saw an expression of kindness, softening the eagle glance of the veteran, such as he had never witnessed there before.

A mist obscured his sight, and dimly through it he saw the still kneeling figure of Euphrosine, her face bowed down and hidden in her hands; and impulsively, he cast himself beside her, breathing out in broken sentences his love and his despair, rapidly detailing the history of his early and forced marriage, and deploring with passionate eloquence the relentless

destiny that crushed from his heart the hope dearest to it on earth.

"This is a strange story, forsooth," said the Comte, in a tone that sounded mockingly to the disconsolate sense of the unhappy lover. "Euphrosine, my bird, heard you ever the like of it?"

"Ay, almost the same, dear uncle," she said, raising her lovely face, now so radiant with happiness that the young baron, amazed, almost indignant, gazed fixedly upon her for a moment, half ready to believe himself the dupe of some concerted jest.

"The same, say you!—pray how so?" questioned the Comte.

"List if it be not," she answered. "A story of a maiden wedded in her childhood, left unclaimed, forsaken even by her perjured lord, whose pictured face only kept alive her remembrance, and nourished her affection till they met again; and now—The words faltered on her lip, as with a trembling hand she unclasped a chain of gold from her neck, and held the miniature suspended from it toward him, then bending down, hid her blushing face from his gaze.

He took it eagerly, and pressing the spring, disclosed the likeness of a youth, beautiful as Adonis; yet, was it not—could it be a transcript of his own boyish features? It was a strange bewildering thought, nor would he have yielded to the conviction of its truth, had it not been forced upon him beyond a doubt by seeing his own name engraved upon the case. Yet even that evidence seemed insufficient, for he held it up in the strong light of the hanging lamp, reading with fixed gaze the name Louis de Mornay; clearly cut upon the gold.

"Rhosney!" he cried, catching her impetuously in his arms—"Rhosney—Rhosney de Lancy! she whom I have wronged, and shunned, and hated! Can it be that she and the beautiful Euphrosine, the day-star of my life, are one—the same? If this is true, will not she to whom I have been so unjust show mercy, and let the sufferings I have but feebly pictured a tone for the fatal error of the past? Looking up with a smile of trusting love, she replied:

"It is forgotten now—forgotten, dear—Louis, and forgiven. The joyful reunion of this moment seals and sanctifies the empty vows of our childhood. Henceforth, let us live for God, who has so blessed us, and for each other."

"Ah, take her, my young gallant, and make her what amends you can for your past folly and neglect," said M. de Frontenac, in a tone of unwonted emotion. "For years she has been my precious charge, and for her sake I have marked your course, and at last brought you to my side, that in case I found you worthy of my peerless little blossom, a happy denouement might crown your melancholy romance. The name she bears is an assumed one, of course, for with that marriage-symbol on her finger, which I could never prevail on her to lay aside, it was not meet to deprive her of her maternal dignity. And now I leave you to mutual explanations; our guests are departing, and a few hours still remain before the morrow summons us to eternal duties. Be well assured that you are satisfied with each other, else it will be easy for the church to undo the knot which affection has never rivetted. But if all is right and true in your hearts, we will have you re-married on the same day that we chanted a Te Deum for the victory which has chased the invaders from our shores."

A bland smile brightened his face for a moment; then turning away he left them to their happiness; and the door he closed as he withdrew, we will not venture to open; the privacy of such affection should be sacred from all intrusion.

A few days saw the waters of the St. Lawrence free from the invading squadron, which, after various unsuccessful attempts to gain possession of some portion of the Canadian territory, withdrew, shattered and discomfited from the disastrous conflict. The final disappearance of the foe caused great rejoicings in the loyal city of Quebec; and amidst the festivities of the occasion, the nuptials of Euphrosine and Louis took place under different circumstances, and with different feelings, from those which marked the former ceremonial; and with a pomp, too, which better suited the taste of M. de Frontenac.

In the church of Notre Dame, with holy symbols around them, and the English flag, the trophy of De Mornay's gallantry waving from the walls, where for many years after it continued to hang, the young couple, in the assured bliss of mutual affection, re-plighted their solemn troth, and rendered their thanks to the kind Providence which had thus led them so safely through the valley of the shadow of death.

Never keep animals on short allowance—if you starve them, they will starve you.

Dr. B. P. Rankin has been appointed and confirmed Marshal of Nebraska.

He who is passionate and hasty is generally honest. It is your cool, dissembling hypocrites of whom you should beware. "There's no deception in a bull dog." It is only the cur that sneaks up and bites you when your back is turned.

A house in Boston, which lately shipped a cargo of potatoes to Galveston, Texas, has received advice that there are no warehouses at that place to protect them from the frost.

No Hums. — Barnum is bankrupt.